

HUNS SINK ANOTHER LINER IN THE MEDITERRANEAN

# The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER PICTURE PAPER IN THE WORLD

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SAFE AT LAST! STEAMER CROWDED WITH SERBIAN REFUGEES  
ARRIVES AT A FRENCH PORT.



Distributing toys as Christmas gifts to the children on their arrival at the port.



A Serbian soldier who saved his little daughter.



Marching to the school where they will be fed and housed.



A snapshot taken on the deck of the steamer during the voyage.



The children eager to get on shore and see their new home.

After suffering all manner of hardships during their flight before the Germans, a number of Serbians have arrived safely in France, where they will remain until such time as they are able to return to their redeemed country. Among the party

were a number of children who, too young to realise what it means to be exiled, found the voyage a great adventure, and were greatly interested in everything on their arrival in a strange country. School teachers have taken charge of them.



## HISTORIC DAY IN THE COMMONS.

Prime Minister to Take Charge of the Compulsion Bill.

### IRISH QUESTION.

(By Our Parliamentary Correspondent.)

The political activities of this historic week begin to-day.

This morning the Cabinet met to put the finishing touches to the Compulsory Service (Eligible Single Men) Bill, and later in the day both Houses reasonable for the first time since the Christmas holidays.

The public will not have long to wait for the contents of the anxiously-anticipated compulsion measure, for it is to be introduced by the Prime Minister to-morrow afternoon.

There is likely to be a very large attendance of members, including many legislators who are on military duty in different parts of the country.

#### A HAPPY ANNIVERSARY.

The Bill will be introduced by the Prime Minister immediately after questions.

Sharp and violent as the criticism will be, there is every reason to believe that the first reading will be carried to-morrow by an overwhelming majority.

A happy augury for the rapid passage of the Bill is the news that the Prime Minister, whose unrivalled genius for overcoming obstacles is universally recognised at Westminster, will himself take charge of the measure.

It is a short Bill and drafted in such a way as to provide little scope for the drafting of innumerable amendments.

This justifies the confident expectation of the Cabinet that the Bill will pass through the Commons in a fortnight. Its passage through the Lords, on the most generous estimate, will not take more than a week.

#### SIR JOHN SIMON.

If Sir John Simon persists in his decision to resign, the House will to-day or to-morrow hear an interesting personal statement from him as to the reasons which prompted him to leave the Cabinet.

Mr. Hobhouse, Mr. John Redmond and Mr. Lodge are expected to speak on the first-reading debate. It is also rumoured that Mr. John Burns will speak.

There was again a good deal of speculation last night concerning the position of Ireland under the Bill.

Strong representations have, it is understood, been made to the Cabinet to omit Ireland from the Bill, and should it be found that she is brought in a determined effort will be made by the Nationalists to get an amendment inserted to exclude her when the Committee stage is reached.

It is urged by the Nationalists that Ireland had no part in the war, and is therefore on a different footing from other parts of the United Kingdom. The whole subject will be considered by the Nationalists at a special meeting to-morrow.

#### M.P.'S' QUESTIONS.

Meanwhile many interesting questions will be addressed to Ministers this afternoon. Among those on the paper are the following:

Whether the Under-Secretary for War can make a statement about any recent developments or changes in the anti-aircraft defences of London.

Whether young flying officers with no knowledge of war have been sent to the front and appointed tight commanders over the heads of men who are experienced flyers.

What progress has been made in securing the additional 80,000 skilled workers for the munition factories.

Whether the pledges given to individuals, classes and trades under Lord Derby's scheme received the sanction of the Cabinet.

It will also be asked how many recruits have been obtained by ordinary enlistment since the conclusion of the Derby campaign on December 12.

After questions to-day the House will resume the consideration of the Munitions of War (Amendment) Bill.

There is no business on the paper for the pearly to-day.

E. A. J.

### MR. GIBSON BOWLES WILLING.

"In case my candidature is acceptable to the constituency, I will most readily stand for the seat," writes Mr. Thomas Gibson Bowles in a letter to a correspondent who invited him to become a candidate for the seat in Parliament for St. George's, Hanover-square, vacated by Sir A. Henderson's elevation to the peerage.

Mr. Gibson Bowles goes on to say that he is "indeed very desirous to return to Parliament at this moment, in order to urge a more complete and effective use in the war of our sea power—hitherto, as I hold, unduly hampered."

"But it would, I think, be proper that in the first instance my name should be submitted to the local Conservative Association for their acceptance."

### ALIEN LECTURER SENTENCED.

At Glasgow yesterday a Russian, named Patroff, described as a lecturer and journalist, was sentenced to two months' imprisonment under the Aliens Restriction Act, for failing to report himself at Glasgow on arrival from Pifflshire. There was a demonstration in court in favour of the accused when he was led to the cells.

## WEDDING OF A "DON."

Master of Temple Married to Daughter of Sir Adolphus Ward.

### FAMOUS PRIZEMAN.

The marriage of Dr. E. W. Barnes, for many years Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge, and now Master of the Temple, to Miss A. C. T. Ward, the only daughter of Sir Adolphus William Ward, Master of Peterhouse, Cambridge, took place yesterday in the College Chapel.

The father of the bride is a distinguished Don, and so, too, is the bridegroom.

Sir A. W. Ward, the bride's father, has not only held the office of Vice-Chancellor at Cambridge, but also the Vice-Chancellorship of the Victoria University, Liverpool, besides being principal of Owens College, Manchester, and since 1900 Master of Peterhouse.

He was educated at Bury St. Edmunds and Peterhouse, and was bracketed 12th Classic the year Sidgwick, of Trinity, was Senior Classic in 1859.

Dr. Barnes was at the King Edward School, Birmingham, and afterwards at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was bracketed Second Wrangler in 1895 with highest possible honours in the second part of the Mathematical Tripos in the following year, while he became first Smith's prizeman in 1898.

He was soon elected into a Fellowship, became lecturer, and for some years has been tutor. He was president of the Union Society in 1897.

The wedding was quite quiet, only relatives and members of the college being present. The ceremony was performed by the Bishop of Ely (visitor of the college) and the Rev. Dr. W. E. Barnes, of Peterhouse, Hulsean Professor of Divinity. The bride was given away by her father and was not attended by bridesmaids.

Dr. Stanley Barnes, of Birmingham, the bridegroom's brother, acted as best man.

It is believed this is the first occasion on which a wedding has been solemnised in Peterhouse Chapel.

## TOWING A FLAGSTAFF.

Giant "Stick" 215ft. Long Reaches Kew Gardens Embankment Safely.

After an adventurous journey half-way across the world, Kew Gardens' new flagstaff, which is 215ft. in length, reached its destination yesterday morning.

The staff, a giant stick that measures 3ft. in diameter at the base and tapers gracefully along seventy-two yards of length to a mere 18in. at the top, was originally 260ft. long, but 76ft. had to be sacrificed before it could be shipped in the steamship Merionethshire.

It was in a British Columbian forest that this prince of flagstaffs was found, forming in those days the trunk of a titanic Douglas fir. It arrived at the Victoria Docks last month and began its journey up the river a week ago.

At the first attempt last week it could only be brought as far as Millwall, owing to unfavourable winds and tides.

However, yesterday the remainder of the journey was completed in safety.

Towed by the tug Tigress, the flagstaff passed Blackfriars Bridge at half-past eight; three and a quarter hours later it was safely moored alongside the Kew Gardens embankment, where it will remain for some days.

The stick is quite ready for erection, for it was shaped and finished before it left the Dominion, but in order to get it from the river to the site in the gardens many things have to be done, including the erection of a special bridge.

The hoisting of the staff is expected to be completed before the end of the month.

## LONDON CLERGY WANT TO ENLIST.

A deputation of unbenevolent clergy was received by the Bishop of London yesterday, and he was presented with a petition signed by 1,000 London clergy of military age which asked that the clergy should be allowed to enlist or take up such war work as they might be considered most fitted for.

It was also suggested that the various dioceses should be organised so as to relieve as many clergy as possible for war work.

## WHAT AMUSES ME.

Confessions Made by Famous People in Pages of "Who's Who."

### PACIFIST LIKES WAR GAME.

It has been said that the English take their pleasures sadly, and a perusal of the pages of "Who's Who" lends some support to the charge.

The 1916 issue of "Who's Who" runs to 2,452 pages. These pages contain on an average biographical details of certainly not fewer than ten people, each of whom may be assumed to have made some sort of a mark in the world.

Of these 24,000 men and women of note, the vast majority appear to have no recreations whatever.

For them life is one long round of incessant toil.

Or, is it that they are ashamed of their pleasures and pursue them by stealth, as though they were secret virtues?

You may know a man by the recreations he adopts, and the truest index to character may be found in the way people employ their hours of leisure.

One is not surprised, for instance, to find that Mr. Bernard Shaw expresses a fondness for "everything except sport."

Mr. Woodrow Wilson is strenuous even in his play.

Bicycling, rowing and golfing absorb much of his spare time. There is no mention, however, of the American President's fondness for letter-writing.

Dr. P. Trevelyan, the peace-loving member for Eland, confesses that "kriesspiel" is among his recreations.

This information will come as a surprise to many.

The Prime Minister shares with the Bishop of London, Dr. Macnamara, and Lord D'Abernon, the chairman of the Liquor Control Board, a preference for golf.

Prebendary Galle, the founder of the Church Army, finds in open-air preaching a relaxation from his overtaxed activities, and combines with this hobby a fondness for gardening and cycling.

Reading, driving and motoring are the recreations of Miss Ellen Terry, while Miss Marion Terry likes to go to the theatre "to see plays and other actresses and actors."

Mr. John Burns divides his spare time between the sports of cricket, skating, rowing and boxing. Hackney breeding is a hobby of Sir Richard Burbridge, and Mr. Martin Shaw, the composer, is addicted to the reading of detective stories.

Mr. Thomas Hardy gives cycling, architecture, and old church and dance music as his recreations.

## "PEOPLE TO BLAME."

Ford, the Peace Crank, Returns to New York with Changed Views.

NEW YORK, Jan. 3.—Mr. Henry Ford arrived here to-day by the steamer Bergensfjord.

He confirmed the reports that his return had been hastened by illness. He also declared that his views on the cause of the war had undergone a change.

When he left on his peace mission he said he was of opinion that bankers and manufacturers of munitions were responsible, but he returned with the belief that the people themselves were to blame.

His future plans with respect to the mission were uncertain.

Mr. Bryan, Secretary of State, conferred with Mr. Ford, who said he believed his mission would achieve a partial success.—Reuter.

## £1,000,000 FACTORY FIRE.

COPENHAGEN, Jan. 2.—A margarine oil factory at Aarhus (on the Jutland coast), one of the largest industrial establishments in Denmark, was burned down to-night.

Probably all margarine manufacture in Scandinavia will now be stopped, as there is only one factory of the kind, and it is impossible to get oil imported into Danish margarine factories for a week.

The factory was insured for £1,000,000 in a British office.—Exchange.

## DERAILMENT OF A TROOP TRAIN.

Twelve Badly Injured in Overturned Coach at Midnight.

### 500 KHAKI PASSENGERS.

A troop train from Leeds to Newcastle, in which over 500 soldiers were travelling, was derailed early yesterday. One coach overturned and twelve persons were seriously injured, but no deaths have been reported.

The train left the line at Peshaw Junction, near Newcastle, just after midnight, and the whole of the twenty coaches were derailed. The injured were attended on the spot and several other passengers walked to Sunderland. A special train from Newcastle brought a large number of passengers from the scene of the accident to Newcastle.

#### CARRIAGE ON ITS SIDE.

Fortunately, only one coach overturned, or otherwise the death roll would have been heavy.

A Newcastle passenger by the express states that he joined the train at York. All went well until they reached Cox Green, when he felt a jolt as if the train had gone over something.

He was in a carriage about the middle of the train with three soldiers.

As soon as the train came to a standstill they got out and found the next carriage lying partly on its side. It was very dark at the time.

There was no panic among the passengers as they got out of the train, and everybody behaved with great coolness. There did not appear to be any women or children among them.

There were several R.A.M.C. men among the soldiers and they assisted the passengers from difficult positions on the train. Some of the latter had to get through the windows of the coaches.

The passenger added that he felt an escape of gas, but there was no fire and no naked lights were used, flash lamps being mostly carried.

Several passengers were treated on the railway embankment, and one suffering passenger asked to be left alone.

#### THREE STRETCHER CASES.

The train is considered to have been excellently handled and pulled up and a big disaster thereby averted.

Another account states that the engine jumped the rails and the foremost carriages were derailed, several soldiers in these carriages being seriously bruised.

Three stretcher cases, after being attended to by Dr. Lloyd, of Peshaw, were sent to the Armstrong College Military Hospital at Newcastle.

Traffic was seriously disorganised by the accident, but breakdown gangs in a short time did sufficient repairs to enable one line to be worked.

## GALE CHANGES A WINDSOR VIEW.

The grounds of Windsor Castle facing the Sovereign's Entrance and their Majesties' apartments in Victoria Tower presented an extraordinary appearance yesterday.

Half a dozen of the old elms there have been torn up by the gale. The elms are well-known landmarks, and were planted in Charles II.'s reign. Generations of Princes and Princesses have told love stories under their shade, and Queen Victoria used to admire them on her way to Frogmore to breakfast.

Several of the ancient elms in the Long Walk facing the Castle have also been blown down.

## "PRIVILEGE" OF CLEARING UP CAMP.

An officer of the 132nd Brigade, R.F.A., Lieutenant Edward Buckley, and Quartermaster-Sergeant Frederick H. Kendall, of the same corps, were at Warminster (Wilt.) yesterday remanded on a charge of selling Government property and receiving the proceeds.

The case arose out of one heard on Saturday, when Alfred Glenfield was charged with receiving Government stores from soldiers at Corton Camp. He stated that if he were given a chance he could identify the officers to whom he gave money for the privilege of clearing up the camp.

The case involved 550 hair brushes, three service dress jackets, seventy pairs of overalls, sixty pairs of boots, 120 shirts, eighty kilbags, fifty-four hats, seventy towels, two tons of iron horse shoes and a number of other articles.

## EVERY TENTH MAN SHOT?

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 3.—Your correspondent learns from an Austrian source that the 27th Austrian Regiment serving in General Mackensen's Army refused with their officers to obey orders.

General Mackensen suppressed the mutiny in drastic fashion by ordering all the officers and every tenth man to be shot. The orders were duly carried out.—Central News.

If this story is true, Mackensen was carrying out the old Roman punishment of literal "decimation"—the word that has come to be used so loosely in the present war.

## MOTHER AND CHILD IN FLAMES.

A mother and child were burned to death at Bootle during the week-end. The former, while endeavouring to save the latter, overturned a lamp and set fire to the child's clothing.

Read "Our Tommy has Musical Critic," by Miss Clara Butt, on page 7.



Officers of the London liner Glenlyne, which has been sunk on the way home from the East.



# GLEN LINER GLENGYLE OF 9,395 TONS SUNK IN THE MEDITERRANEAN

Only Ten of Crew Missing  
of Complement of 104.

## HOW PERSIA SANK.

Twelve Out of Her 80 First Class  
Passengers Saved.

## RUSSIAN GALICIA BLOW.

### ANOTHER FOUL BLOW.

The Huns have sunk another big ship—the *Glengyle*—in the Mediterranean. She was a cargo boat of 9,395 tons, and ten of the crew are reported to be missing.

In addition to this, the Japanese steamer *Kenkoku Maru* and the Liverpool steamer *St. Oswald* have been sunk.

Further details received show that the *Persia* was struck amidships and turned turtle. Of the eighty first-class passengers sixty-eight lost their lives, these including Lord Montagu.

Americans are reported to be very angry, although Vienna says she is ready to "adjust" the matter. The only way, however, to stop this series of inhuman outrages is to crush the Huns.

### WHEN KING MEETS KING.

King Peter of Serbia, old, ill, and worn with the fatigues of war, is at Salonika, and may go to Athens to meet the King of the Hellenes.

It should be a dramatic meeting. What will the Kaiser's brother-in-law say, and how will he justify his cowardly betrayal of Serbia by refusing to carry out the treaty he had signed?

### ON TO CZERNOWITZ.

Not enough attention is being paid to the great Russian offensive in Galicia.

Our Allies have taken the offensive on a front of nearly 200 miles. If they can secure victory there they will have struck a vital blow at the enemy.

Czernowitz—the capital of the Bukovina—is the key to Rumania. It is all-important that the Russians should capture it. Twice they have taken it. The third time will probably mean Rumania's entry into the war.

## 100 SURVIVORS OF SUNK GLENGYLE PICKED UP.

Captain Cables That Ten Members  
of Crew Are Missing.

The *Glengyle* yesterday stated that their passenger boat *Glengyle* was sunk in the Mediterranean on Sunday.

All the passengers have been landed as well as all the crew, with the exception of three Europeans and seven Chinese.

The *Glengyle*, of the *Glen Line*, was owned by Messrs. McGregor, Gow and Co., Ltd., and was built in 1914, with a speed of thirteen knots. This was her second voyage.

The *Glengyle* left Singapore on December 6, homeward bound, and was to have called at Genoa on her way to London. The liner carried a valuable cargo of butter and eggs.

The company have not yet received the passenger list from Singapore, and consequently do not know how many passengers the ship actually carried. The number of passengers, however, is believed to be small, and the officials of the company do not think that it will be found to exceed ten.

### CREW NUMBERED 104.

Three passengers were from Shanghai, and possibly a few more joined the vessel at Singapore. The crew numbered 104.

The following cable has been received from Captain Richard A. Webster from Malta: "Arrived all safe except the second officer, second steward and another European and seven Chinese. Inform families. Wiring later."

The secretary of the *Glen Line* stated yesterday that the company had received the following message: "Eleven passengers saved. Ten of crew missing."

It was stated that of the crew only three Europeans signed on in London.

A Lloyd's message yesterday said: "British steamer *Glengyle* has been sunk. About 100 survivors picked up."

## WAVES THAT WASHED OVER THE PERSIA'S DECK.

How Colonel Bigham Was Saved  
from the Sea.

CAIRO, Jan. 2.—Nobody saw the submarine. The second officer is under the impression he saw the ripple of the torpedo. The survivors were thirty hours in the boats and were picked up by a warship.

Six officers were saved. The waves soon washed over the deck and swept the passengers and crew into the sea.

Colonel Bigham, who was standing on deck beside Miss Hughes, was suddenly swept into the sea. He sunk and, coming up, bumped his head on a boat, and was thus saved.

Two other boats seem to have been launched, but are missing, and little hope is felt of there being further survivors. The rescued crew will probably be sent to Port Said.—Reuter.

Cairo, Jan. 2.—Information that it is believed four Americans were passengers on the *Persia*—Mr. McNeely, who was proceeding to Aden as Consul and is believed to have been drowned; also his secretary, Mr. Grant; the manager of the Vacuum Oil Company, Calcutta, who was saved; and another.

The submarine is believed to have been an Austrian.

The survivors sighted various ships before they were picked up, and these vessels were



Captain Webster, of the torpedoed liner  
*Glengyle*.

afraid to approach, fearing that the boats were only a ruse of enemy submarines to cause them to stop.

The American Agency here is in close correspondence with Washington concerning the *Persia*—Central News.

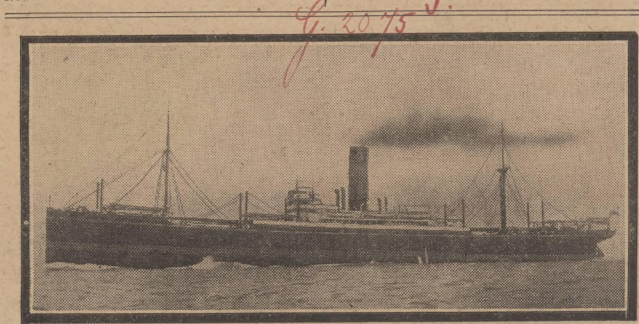
Lord Mersey yesterday said that he had received a telegram from his son, Colonel Hon. C. Bigham, stating that he had arrived at Cairo safe and well.

## 'AUSTRIA'S ADJUSTMENT.'

WASHINGTON, Jan. 3.—Anxiety over the sinking of the *Persia* was increased in official circles when a consular dispatch was received stating that the ship was sunk without warning, and that at least one American, Mr. McNeely, was missing.

At the same time officials were gratified by the indication emanating from Baron Zwiedinek, that Vienna would be quick "satisfactorily to adjust" matters if facts determined that it was an Austrian submarine which sank the *Persia*.—Reuter.

NEW YORK, Jan. 3.—The New York Press characterises the outrage as another kick in the face for the United States Government. The *Tribune* publishes a cartoon of Mr. Wilson taking off the cover of a typewriter, with the caption, "The Usual Remedy."—Central News.



The lost liner *Glengyle* (9,395 tons gross). Ten members of the crew, three Europeans and seven Chinese, are missing.

## 100 ARRESTS BY ALLIES FOR ESPIONAGE.

Papers Seized at Salonika Embassies  
To Be Published.

PARIS, Jan. 3.—The Salonika correspondent of the *Journal* says the attitude of the Greek Government in face of the arrest of the Consuls at Salonika is not yet known, and that the numerous documents seized at the Consulates will make known the proceedings of these Consuls.

"General Sarail," the correspondent adds, "has addressed to the troops of the Eastern Army an order of the day in which he mentions that the Third Greek Army Corps has sent a message of good wishes to the Eastern Army. He thanks the troops for the efforts made and the results obtained."—Reuter.

### A NEUTRAL IMPLICATED.

ATHENS, Jan. 2.—The Consul of a neutral State has been arrested in Salonika by the Allies, and it is reported that, according to documents seized at the Austrian and German Consulates, this official, who bears a German name, is implicated in espionage.

The arrest is variously commented on in Government circles and a fresh protest has been addressed to the Entente Powers.

According to Press reports the Hellenic Government has also protested against the arrest of Hellenic subjects by the Entente Powers on suspicion of espionage.—Reuter.

ATHENS, Jan. 2.—It is reported from Salonika that the arrest of Austro-German, Bulgarian and Turks, suspected of espionage, continues.

The Allies' Headquarters Staff have decided to publish in all the papers in Salonika documents proving the culpability of those arrested. The Allied authorities have arrested one hundred persons, among whom are the correspondent of the *Neue Freie Presse* and the manager of the Salonika Bank.

Fresh reinforcements arrived yesterday at Salonika. The Allies' Headquarters Staff denies that the Germans have concentrated troops on the Greco-Bulgarian frontiers.

The journal *Hestia* publishes a telegram from Salonika announcing that King Nicholas of Montenegro will shortly arrive at that town.—Exchange.

## GERMANS CAUGHT IN FIRE OF THE "75's."

Berlin Claims Mine Success North of  
La Bassee Road.

### (FRENCH OFFICIAL.)

PARIS, Jan. 3.—This afternoon's official communiqué says:—

In Champagne, near the road from Tahure to Somme-Py, a German grenade attack was repulsed.

In the Argonne, near the Four de Paris, our trench guns carried out some effective firing against the enemy's works.

The Germans, who fled out of their shelters, were caught in a storm of fire from our "75's."—Reuter.

### (GERMAN OFFICIAL.)

German Main Headquarters reported yesterday afternoon as follows:—

A large explosion to the north of La Bassee-Bethune road was a complete success. Enemy fighting and protection trenches, as well as a communication trench, were blown up.

The surviving occupants, who attempted to effect their escape by flight, were caught by our infantry and machine gun fire.

### SURPRISE FIRING.

A surprise firing attack, made over a wide front near by, took the occupants of the trenches by surprise, who partly sought safety in flight.

On the rest of the front no events of special importance have taken place.

At the shelling of Luttrebach, in Alsace, by the French on New Year's Day, when the people were leaving church, one girl was killed and a woman and three children were injured.—Wireless Press.

## HEIGHTS TAKEN BY THE RUSSIANS.

870 Prisoners Taken in Fierce  
Fight Near Czernowitz.

## ADVANCE ON THE STRYPA.

### (RUSSIAN OFFICIAL.)

PETROGRAD, Jan. 2.—To-day's official communiqué states:—

In the Riga region there was a lively fusillade and cannonade in which an armoured German motor-car participated.

To the north of Chartorsk the enemy twice attacked our fortifications, but met with heavy losses, and was thrown back into his own trenches. We captured an officer and seventy men.

On the Strypa front the enemy under the pressure of our troops was obliged to fall back on new fortified positions.

A particularly fierce fight occurred near Czernowitz, where we occupied several heights, capturing fifteen officers, 855 men, three machine guns and a bomb-mortar.

In Persia we occupied the village of Zere, near Hamadan.—Reuter.

### (AUSTRIAN OFFICIAL.)

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 2.—The communiqué issued in Vienna to-day says:—

The enemy has now also resumed the offensive on the Bessarabian front against the army of General Pflanzer-Baltin.

The enemy after twice unsuccessfully attacking on New Year's Eve and once on the following morning, began to-day's attack at one o'clock in the afternoon against our entrenchments near Toporut, and was repulsed after hand-to-hand fighting.

Two hours later in the same sector six enemy regiments advanced, most of which were repulsed.

The fighting within the sector of one of our battalions has not yet concluded. The enemy losses were extraordinarily great.

On New Year's morning our Strypa front, north-east of Buczac, was unsuccessfully attacked by the Russians. An attack against our entrenchment north-east of Kurkanow also failed.

The number of prisoners taken in one week in East Galicia totals 3,000.

### (GERMAN OFFICIAL.)

German Main Headquarters report as follows:—

At various places on the front the Russians continued, with the same non-success as on previous days, their engagements with patrol and chasseur detachments.—Wireless Press.

## TURKS GET ARMISTICE TO BURY THE DEAD.

### (BRITISH OFFICIAL.)

DELHI, Jan. 2.—A communiqué on the Mesopotamian operations says that Christmas Day was quiet. The next day indications of a withdrawal by the enemy from the front of our position were reported.

On the 29th the enemy asked for an armistice to bury the dead and to remove the wounded, who lay in large numbers in front of our positions. The armistice was granted on certain conditions.

According to a prisoner's statement the enemy casualties at Ctesiphon and up to Christmas Day totalled 10,500.

During the nights of the 27th, 28th and 29th a village occupied by our troops on the right of the river was subjected to heavy rifle fire.

On the 30th our position was heavily shelled and some casualties occurred in the hospital through shells bursting through the roof.—Reuter.

### (TURKISH OFFICIAL.)

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 3.—Near Seddul Bahr artillery and bomb fighting is proceeding. A cruiser and monitor were obliged to retreat owing to our fire.

An enemy monitor shelled without success our batteries at the entrance.

A Turkish plane dropped bombs on the enemy's camp near Seddul Bahr.

Our batteries successfully shelled enemy works at Seddul Bahr, destroying storehouses.

In Persia the Russians were defeated near Savi. They lost two machine guns and a motor-car.

In an attack north of Khamadan two Russian guns were captured.—Central News.

## ITALIANS EASILY CHECK FOE ATTACKS.

### (ITALIAN OFFICIAL.)

ROME, Jan. 2.—To-day's communiqué says:—Last night the enemy made some small attacks which were easily checked near Mori (Val Lagarina), on the Col di Lana and the slopes of the Rombon (Plezzo).

In the Carso zone our detachments took some prisoners and arms and munitions.

Hostile aeroplanes dropped bombs yesterday at Marco (Val Lagarina) and on Strigno and Borgo (Val Sugana) without doing any damage.—Reuter.



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**Pain's Presents House, Dept. 191, Nassi St.**



# TO-DAY'S GOSSIP



Prebendary Carlile.

and I am requested to send my acceptance to Prebendary Carlile, D.D. So it would seem that Lady Di. is taking war work in quite a serious vein.

## Telling the Tale.

Lady Tree will also be on hand and will "say a poem," and there will be stories told of the work done by the Church Army in France and Flanders. It is whispered that Lady Diana is herself to tell these stories. I hope this will not prove "only a rumour."

## Shopping.

I believe I know where Miss Kathleen Tennant's new engagement ring came from, and I will tell you why. Hurrying along Regent street the other morning, I nearly rushed into two ladies emerging from a well-known jeweller's. They were the Marquis of Granby's mother and sister, the Duchess of Rutland and Lady Diana Manners. He evidently thought their advice on the matter of gems would not fail to be appreciated by his bride-elect, for they all have decided ideas on artistic points, and this was surely an all-important event.

## A Lull.

In a run round political quarters yesterday I found quite a lull in the gale of gossip that has been raging for days, but the atmosphere was tense and everyone will be glad when Wednesday has shown us where we stand. I'm bld that the second reading of the Bill will be postponed until next week, but the various groups in the House will show their hands pretty well to-morrow. Next week they will play them.

## The Miners.

In labour circles a good deal of interest is shown in the attitude of the miners. Mr. Smillie, the president of the federation, is a great friend of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, and amongst the miners themselves there are two distinct groups. But, as one of the leaders remarked to me yesterday, "There's getting on for half a million of our chaps in the Army, and we've got to see that they're backed up." In addition to which Mr. Stanton now sits in poor old Keir Hardie's seat, and that means a good deal.

## A Sound Man.

Mr. Will Crooks has had a good deal of the limelight of the new Honours List, and Mr. G. N. Barnes, the other Labour Privy Councillor, has been a bit overlooked. I have known him for years as one of the soundest, most level-headed members of the Labour Party. One of the surest indications of his value is that he always gets the "ear" of the House of Commons. He did more than any other man to win the present scale of soldiers' pensions and allowances. I met him the other day, and found he had aged in the last few months. He has never got over the death of his son "Dick," who was killed in action.

## Hoist with His Own Petard.

I hear a good tale of Mr. Asquith. He was staying at a well-known country house, where the butler happened to be a particular friend of the girl at the local telephone exchange. The Premier had himself occasion to use the 'phone, and the telephone girl evidently mistook his voice for the butler's. At any rate when, after some delay, the great man irritably inquired if the line were free or not, the lady remarked: "In the words of dear old Asquith, wait and see."

## Canada's New Peer.

Will Lord Shaughnessy, follow in the late Lord Strathcona's footsteps and, in addition to 'sitting in the House of Peers, become Canada's "Ambassador" in London? Friends of mine who know Canadian affairs say they would not be surprised if he did so. He has gradually trained up younger men to take his place on the Canadian Pacific Railway, and just now is the real chief adviser on munitions for the British Government in America.

## A Great Artist.

There was no more enthusiastic applauder at Mme. Sarah Bernhardt's first performance in "Les Cathedrales" yesterday than Queen Alexandra, who looked beautiful in her sequined gown. She brought with her Queen Amelie of Portugal and Princess Victoria, both of whom showered smiles and applause on the great actress. Lord Howe, too, I noticed in attendance.

## What a Reception!

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt's reception at the Coliseum was itself more in the nature of a royal progress than the arrival of even a great star. The streets round the Coliseum were lined with enthusiasts, many of them wounded "Tommies" and Overseas soldiers. Carpets were laid down at the stage door, and the big commissionaire from the front of the house, attended by his page satellites, was there to assist the great lady to her dressing-room, which was almost unrecognisable with its flowers and hangings.

## In "The Basker."

Miss Marie Hemingway, who is to play Diana Terbot in "The Basker," tells me how delighted she is to have such a charming part in a play by Mrs. Clifford Mills—



Miss Marie Hemingway.

author of "Where the Rainbow Ends"—now being played at the Garrick Theatre. Miss Hemingway thinks "The Basker" is just the sort of bright comedy which is needed to cheer the public in this time of stress.

## Editors in Khaki.

Where do they find all those clever young journalists in khaki who edit and make up Tommy's regimental weekly and monthly publications? I've been reading the New Year's number of "Fall In," the weekly of the Duke of Cambridge's Own. It shows signs of great editorial enterprise. Its editor has obtained articles from Mr. Horatio Bottomley, London's Lord Mayor, Bishop Welldon, Mr. H. B. Irving, Lady Troubridge and many other notable people.

## Replete but Happy.

This is the remark you may see in the visitors book of a little hotel in Haslemere, and the maker of the same is H. G. Wells.

## A Violinist.

Miss Anne Godfrey, whose portrait this is, is a very fortunate girl. For she has had the special privilege of playing the violin before the Royal Family at Buckingham Palace, and of being personally praised by Queen Mary, who said that her playing had delighted her. You will have an opportunity of hearing Miss Godfrey's beautiful playing for yourself at the Coliseum this week.



Miss Anne Godfrey.

India at that time, only just missed being in that calamity. Two minutes later at Charing Cross would have made him miss the previous week's boat, by which he was to have sailed, and in that case he would have had to return by the Persia.

## Relieving Millions.

I heard some very pretty stories yesterday of the Tsar's second daughter, the Grand Duchess Tatiana. Although she is only seventeen she has been very busy throughout the war, and has lately been helping to organise the committee which deals with Russian refugees. Literally millions of these poor people have left their homes rather than submit to the German yoke, and the Grand Duchess is most energetic in looking after their wellbeing.



The Grand Duchess Tatiana.

## £1,000,000 Spoon.

The Grand Duchess was born with rather more than the proverbial silver spoon in her mouth. When she was one week old the Tsar placed £1,000,000 to her credit, and she is one of the richest heiresses in the world. Some little while back her name was linked with one that would thrill every British heart, and after the war... but there, no more prophecy.

## Women and Money.

Do you know that half the matrimonial troubles in the country are caused by woman's lack of financial knowledge? This, at any rate, is the view held by one of our newest baronets, Sir Charles Russell, the eminent solicitor son of the great Lord of Justice. He once told me that if women only knew the value of money there would be an end to much domestic unhappiness.

## New Baronet's Suggestion.

Sir Charles's remedy is simple. While a girl is still at school, he says, she should be taught exactly what money means. She should buy her own clothing, her school books, pay her travelling expenses, put down the money herself for the "special subjects" she takes at the seminary and keep her own accounts of the allowance made to her. In short, when she finds how everything she buys burns a hole in a sovereign, she will understand money. Result, domestic happiness in the future.

## Ballot Boxes in the Trenches.

Apologies the talk of a general election, here is a timely Lord Kitchener story, related to me by a Canadian friend. Some months ago the Dominion Government thought it wanted to hold an election if it were possible to enfranchise the thousands of Canadian soldiers in Flanders. Nobody had the courage to tackle Lord Kitchener on the subject, and Under-Secretaries were sure he would frown at the idea of ballot boxes being mixed up with trench mortars.

## Ready for an Election.

One day a Colonial colonel, who is also a Dominion member of Parliament, who saw Lord Kitchener on other business, found the British "War Lord" very affable. He explained the quandary of the ballot boxes and made ready to bolt. "Fine idea," exclaimed the Minister with enthusiasm. "It would cheer the men up and let them know they are not forgotten at home." The ballot boxes and polling papers were sent over—some were sunk on the Lusitania, and the others are still "somewhere in France," so at a pinch the Canadian "Tommies" might use them.

## Secrets.

"When's a secret not a secret?" asked the young journalist. "When the Cabinet tries to keep it a secret," answered the old parliamentary reporter.

## Dutch Munition Workers.

Quite a number of men from Holland have recently arrived in London with the intention of getting employment in our munition works. They all claim, through an interpreter, to be trained mechanics, but it seems unfortunate that hardly one of the party can speak or understand a word of English.

## No Studio Slackers.

I saw Mr. Lance Thackeray, the famous painter of Egyptian scenes, in Adelphi-terrace yesterday. He was in khaki. "Doing my bit," he said, "with the Artists Rifles." I also heard yesterday that another distinguished artist, Mr. Dudley Hardy, has joined the Sportsmen's Battalion. The Studios of London certainly are giving of their best to the Army.

**DERRY & TOMS**  
KENSINGTON LONDON W

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A few examples of value in Mantle Department on First Floor.



"Mascot."

"MASCOT" (as sketch). Fur-lined Coats, lined through and sleeves with Grey and White Russian Squirrel Lock, having the new high Collar of Seal Coney. Can be worn as a full sac, or with belt as coat. Made in Black, Navy, Mole, Sage, Purple, Dark Grey and Brown. Worth 75 gns.  
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Black Pony Cloth Coats, with rich Coney Fur Collars, Belt at side. Lined Silk. Worth 84/-  
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Matrons' Black Velour French Model Coats, full sac shape, hand-embroidered. Worth 15 gns.  
SALE 9 1/2 gns.

Poplin Mackintoshes, with Belts. In Nigger, Navy, Fawn, Black, Grey and Mole. Worth 27/-  
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"BETTINA" (as sketch). Fur-lined Coat, for young ladies, 48 in. long, lined three-quarter length. Natural Colour. Fur Coney Collar. In Black, Navy, Brown, Sage, Mole, Fawn and Violet. Worth 55/-  
SALE 42/-

Similar Style in all Colours, 48 in. lined three-quarter length. Squirrel Lock. Worth 34 gns.  
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SALE 65/9

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SALE 25/11

Nap and Blanket Coats, full sac shape, lined Silk. Worth 52/-  
SALE 39/6

Coney Fur Coats, full sac shape, lined Silk. Worth 75 gns.  
SALE 5 1/2 gns.

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"Barbara."

THE RAMBLER.



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M 113—Dainty  
Lace and Net  
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M 134—Clear  
Muslin Front,  
with Collar at-  
tached, delicately em-  
broided. Origin-  
ally 3/11.  
REDUCED 2/11  
TO

Special Bargains  
in our New Extension  
for Dressing  
and Tea Gowns.



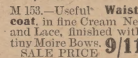
M 136—Very  
Smart Front, with  
Pleated Frill and  
dainty Hand Em-  
broider. Origin-  
ally 9/6.  
REDUCED 3/11  
TO



M 140—Net Collar.  
Edged fine Lace, in Ivory  
or Fern.  
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M 147—Useful  
Muslin Collar.  
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coat, in fine Cream Net  
and Lace, finished with  
tiny Moire Bows.  
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Your Skin Trouble worries you. Get rid of it quickly. You can do this by taking **VEGETINE PILLS**.

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## ADVICE.

Give up using ointments and lotions for your skin complaint or your bad complexion. Take the trouble seriously. Cure it from within. Do you wish to be cured of eczema? Is your skin blotchy? Are your cheeks rough or sore? Do you suffer from irritating spots or ugly pimples? If so, there are impurities in your system which must be got rid of. No outward application will help you. But if you take **VEGETINE PILLS** they will cure you as surely and as rapidly as they cured Mrs. Carter.

## 3 FREE GIFTS.

We shall be pleased to send you a sample box of **VEGETINE PILLS** absolutely free.

This sample will be sufficient to prove to you that **VEGETINE PILLS** can cure you of your troubles.

Mention this paper, and enclose only two penny stamps for postage, and write now for the free sample to **THE DAVID MACQUEEN COMPANY, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.**



With the free box of pills we will also send you a free sample tablet of **VEGETINE SOAP** and the booklet, "Skin Troubles and Their Cure."

## WARNING.

If you suffer from any kind of skin trouble, be very careful what toilet soap you use. Inferior soaps are positively dangerous. You will be well advised to use only **VEGETINE SOAP**, which is specially prepared for delicate and sensitive skins. It is free from all impurities and irritating chemical substances, and it is the ideal soap for the skin.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores. **VEGETINE PILLS, 1/3, 3/-, and 5/-**; **VEGETINE SOAP, 9d. per tablet**, or direct, carriage paid, from the proprietors,

**THE DAVID MACQUEEN COMPANY, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.**



**THE RAILWAY GUARD says:**

"Yes, sir, this is the train de Luxe—it goes to Halifax. We call it 'Toffee Town,' but there are Toffee Towns all along the line—you can get off anywhere for Mackintosh's Toffee. Thank'ee, sir, I eat it regular myself, it keeps me happy for hundreds of miles."

Sugar and cream and butter, blended into one delicious whole.

Try also Mackintosh's Mint de Luxe, Café de Luxe, and Chocolate de Luxe, all very 'de Luxe'.

## ARE YOU SHORT?



If you are short, let me help you to increase your height. Mr. Briggs reports an increase of 6 inches; Mr. Ratcliffe 4 inches; Miss Davies 3 1/2 inches; Mr. Tang 3 1/2 inches; Dr. Jones 2 1/2 inches; Miss Ledell 4 inches. My system requires only ten minutes morning and evening, and greatly improves the health, figure and carriage. No appliances or drugs. Send 3 penny stamps for further particulars and my £100 guarantee. **ARTHUR GUYAN, Specialist in the Increase of Height** (Dept. A), 17, Strand Green Rd., London, N.

# CHILDREN'S Chest Troubles.

That stubborn Cough which distresses so many children at this time of the year can be soon got rid of if mothers will give the little sufferers Peps. As the Peps tablet dissolves in the mouth the soothing medicinal fumes given off are breathed through the tender air-passages straight into the lungs, giving

## Immediate Comfort

In the case of infants a Peps tablet can be dissolved in hot water and the little one allowed to inhale the beneficial fumes. Fortified with a Peps when starting for school in the raw morning air, the children will escape coughs and colds and resist infection from less fortunate companions. Peps contain no harmful drugs. They win the confidence of mothers and the love of children because of their quick soothing and curative effect on the throat and chest.

Of all Chemists and Drug Stores.



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**1/2 TURNS TO GOLD!**

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**YOU NEED NOT LOSE YOUR HAIR**

Your hair combings are valuable—save them. No matter how tangled they are, for 26 we will make them into a beautiful glossy tail. Think what this means to you for a little trouble and at so little cost. If you have no combings, but possess some hair that has faded, or become unweavable; send it and allow us to quote a price for restoring as new. We are experts in all hair work and guarantee satisfaction. Send two stamps for our book "The Art of Hairdressing."

**WOOTTONS, Hair Artists, Dept. A. Epswich.**



# Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, JANUARY 4, 1916.

## THIS QUARTER.

THEY say that the mass of the people still do not sufficiently realise how, how much, or why they ought to save; the facts haven't been yet "brought home" to them. Ministerial threats mean little to the multitude; perhaps because Ministerial example doesn't reinforce precept. How would it be to start a counterpart Derby campaign for economy? Why not permit economy sergeants—financial Gendarmes—to enter the British Castle and make monetary in place of military investigation, asking of every householder: "How much have you saved since the war began? Nothing? When did you buy that piano? Before the war? Looks pretty new! Now, I want you to join the National League for Giving all your Money to the Government."

We do not think this plan of persuasion will need to be applied, after this first quarter of the New Year has delivered its preliminary blows, in the way of rent, rates and taxes.

The first has been for some months hovering over people; and, in human but foolish fashion, the haunted householder may have said: "Let me buy a few more luxuries, before the lean days come." The New Year, bringing a foretaste of those times of "Giving up half our incomes," will, with its tax papers, make people think more seriously.

The first threatening paper demands high rates.

The second threatening paper wants house tax, very high.

The third threatening paper wants income tax—gigantic.

The fourth and fifth and sixth threatening papers want gas and light and water payment.

Like an unpleasant fairy tale or nightmare.

But nothing to what it will be.

The right to go on living, in order to make more money for the Government, will soon have to be bought at a much higher cost. These papers will show upon us. We shall, we must, endure them bravely, remembering the cause. We must accustom ourselves to this expensive Right to go on Living. We must recognise it cannot, in any of its particulars, be free. "Free as air." Let that give the Chancellor of the Exchequer a clue. An air rate, an air tax! A paper to fill up, estimating one's annual consumption of the invisible element. Breathing exercises in the morning taxed double. "More, than your fair share of air." Fresh air double, like fresh eggs.

So long as the forms be not too complicated, so long as they refrain from making us write out our whole lives' histories every quarter, so long as they take the money, but take with the minimum amount of fuss, we shall pay, principally because we must; but also, let us hope, because we realise that the Right to go on Living would simply not be worth a penny if the "enemies of the human race," the torpedo maniacs, the furious State-ridden simpletons of Central Europe could run the suffering world according to their dreams of permanent war and "power." We shall pay them, not without British grumbling. We shall pay, and write to the papers, and suggest bigger taxes for our neighbours, and try, meanwhile, to dodge the bigger taxes our neighbours devise for us.

W. M.

## SONG OF NIGHT.

Break, Phantom, from thy cave of cloud,  
And spread thy purple wings.  
Now all thy figures are allowed  
And various shapes of things:  
Create of airy forms a stream—  
It must have the faintest of phlegm.  
And though it be a waking dream,  
Yet let it like an odour rise  
To all the senses here,  
And fall like sleep upon their eyes,  
Or music on their ear.

—Ben Jonson.

## OUR TOMMY AS MUSICAL CRITIC.

### SOLDIERS AND THE SONGS THEY LOVE TO SING.

By CLARA BUTT.

ALTHOUGH so much music has been silenced by the clash of arms and the magic voice of the universal language is heard but faintly amid the harsh echoes of war, there is music and there are songs which, solely because of the men who love them, demand the notice of all of us.

I refer to the songs our soldiers sing, the music our soldiers love. This kind of music cannot be considered from the disagreeable attitude of the Superior Person, who seems to think that our dear "Tommys" should be given a musical education and, like the Germans, have singing drills. We may, in our very serious moments, wonder why our soldiers do not sing soul-stirring marching songs, why Britain has no song of war to equal "La Marseillaise." Yet,

my husband that the men like the sentimental songs best, of all—about "home" and sweet-hearts. One can understand this. I received a delightful, though doubtful, compliment from a soldier after singing "Kathleen Mavourneen."

After the concert the soldier approached me, and there were tears in his eyes as he said: "I did so enjoy that song, Madame. I don't know who is the composer or if he's dead, but I know if he heard you sing it he would turn in his grave!"

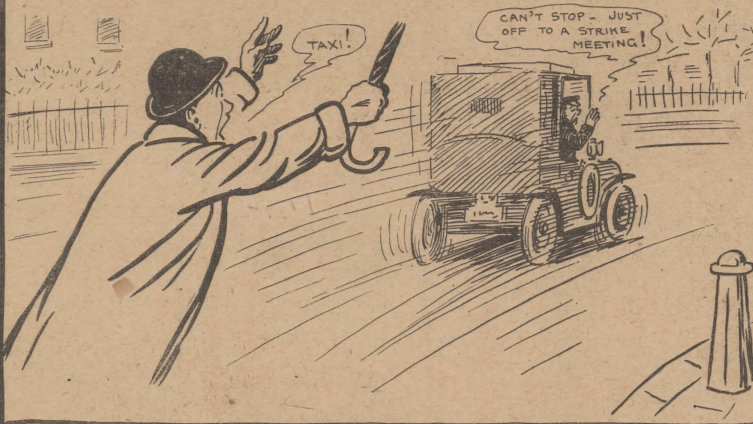
I think that soldier must have been Irish!

### "ONCE AGAIN."

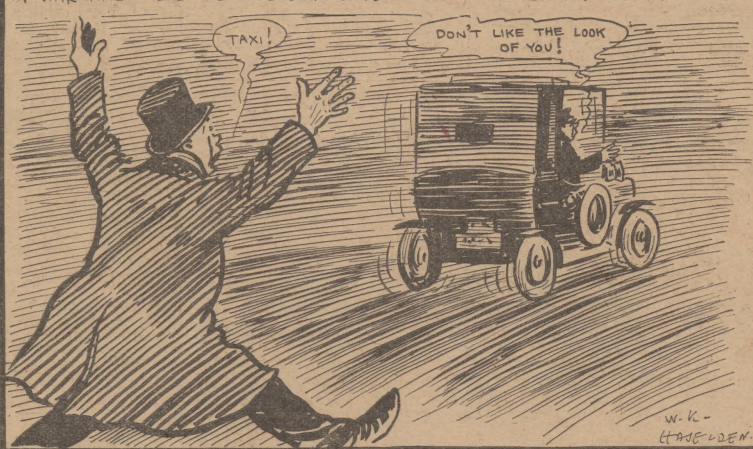
Then, too, I heard a pathetic story told by a wounded soldier of an Irishman's last wish. When we found him we saw that he could not live long, and asked him if we could do anything. "Can you whistle?" he said. We asked him what we should whistle. "A Nation Once Again," he replied. One whistled the air, with the dying man's eyes fixed on him. When it was over he held out his hand, and said, "Thanks; it does my heart good to hear the old tune for the last time before I die."

## THE ELUSIVE TAXI: THE FARE'S POINT OF VIEW.

IN PIPING TIMES OF PEACE YOU CAN'T GET A TAXI BECAUSE OF CONSTANT STRIKES — TOO MANY CABS TO ALLOW OF DRIVERS MAKING A LIVING, IS THE REASON GIVEN.



IN WAR TIME THERE ARE NOT ENOUGH CABS TO ALLOW OF HEALTHY COMPETITION.



It's never possible to get near them—either in war or peace. The taxi drivers say it isn't their fault. Then, whose fault is it?—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

even if we did possess a great national song of war, it is certain that "Tommy," who is not fond of "making a song" about his own heroism and the victory that will be his, would not sing it on the march unless the tune tickled his fancy. Even then, with his irrepressible sense of humour (for which we have all to be thankful), he would probably parody the brave words.

The lofty individual who "cannot understand why soldiers go to the music-hall for their marching songs" would have "Tommy" tune the files to "The British Grenadiers" and rattle the drums to "Rule, Britannia!" But "Tommy" objects! One might as well expect him to chant a hymn of hate!

Still, although our soldiers, when themselves singing, prefer such songs as "Oh, You Beautiful Day," "Hold Your Hand Out, Naughty Boy!" "Hello! Who's Your Lady Friend?" mainly, I think, because they find the lifting airs easy to march to—I will not agree that "Tommy" has no musical taste. Those of us who have had the pleasure of singing to audiences of soldiers know that they do appreciate good music and good songs, and I hear from

Then, a smile on his lips, he turned over and closed his eyes.

That Irish rose was one of the first khaki-clad band that marched through Boulogne singing "Tipperary" and "Here We Are Again"—but it cannot be said that he had no "musical taste."

Another of that number who went through the horrors of Mons and the Marne with his swinging melody of that simple song on his lips had returned home wounded.

After leaving hospital he was sitting with some friends amid the glitter and chatter of a crowded restaurant. He was happy, and ceased for a space to be haunted by the awful experiences which he and his comrades had suffered. Suddenly the orchestra played "Tipperary," and that returned hero dropped his head on his arms and sobbed like a child.

There is nothing in "Tipperary" to make the most sentimentally inclined weep; yet, for those of our soldiers who left England in August, 1914, it revives bitter, heart-rending memories. When first they sang it, the song meant nothing to them; they merely liked its catchy melody, be-

## THIS WEEK.

### AN END TO THE ARGUMENT ABOUT "COMPULSION."

### MARRIED AND SINGLE.

THE point which all your correspondents miss in comparing married and single is this—"dependents" should only be interpreted as dependents on a man's personal earnings.

The wife of a man of independent means bringing in £1,000 per annum is not dependent on him, but on his income, which will continue whether or not he joins the Army.

Nevertheless such a married man, aged, say, thirty, is at present automatically postponed to class 36. But a single man of the same age supporting dependents out of his own pocket, entirely earned by his personal labours in Class 13, and has to go through all the troublesome procedure of appeal before he can be postponed even as far as Class 23, supposing the tribunal gives him the maximum degree of postponement which can apparently be given at any one time. That is where the "skirters," as they are aptly termed, get an unfair advantage. N. A. S.

### "DUMB REGRETS."

THERE is a singular lack of candour and fairplay in Mr. Fitzgerald's statement in *The Daily Mirror*: "How our officers curse the Greek and Latin curricula of our public schools." There was a time, of course, when Greek and Latin were about the only subjects taught in the public schools, but that day is gone.

The Cinderella pose of modern languages is an anachronism. Taking the schools all over the country, statistics will easily prove to anyone who takes the trouble to inquire that there is a far larger percentage of modern languages than of classics taught in our schools.

If "Tommy" and their officers are not able to speak "the lingo," then the fault lies in the method of teaching modern languages.

Away with grammar and dictionary when colloquial command of the language is what is wanted! By introducing colloquial methods into our schools there is no reason whatever why every boy at the end of his school career should not be able to speak fluently at least two foreign languages. And to accomplish this object there is no reason to interfere with Greek and Latin.

CREDE EXPERTO.

### IN MY GARDEN.

JAN. 3.—It is a pity strong-growing roses are not often seen rambling over trees in the garden. It is, of course, useless to simply turn over the soil near the trunk of a tree and then plant out a rose.

A hole quite a yard in diameter and two feet deep must be got out some little distance from the tree; fill this with rich soil, and carefully plant Dorothy Perkins, Carmine Pillar, Rugs, Hiawatha, Excelsa, or a rose of this class. Lead the shoots up to the branches by means of a post.

E. F. T.

cause it happened to give them scope to express their light-hearted, care-free optimism on the subject. But now "Tipperary" has a meaning for all of us.

I am told that many of our soldiers are singing a quaintly meaningless little song called "The Moon Shines Bright on Charlie Chaplin!"

Maybe, in months to come, and like the verse will also bring a lump to the throat of some bronzed hero in whose mind it will be associated with a tragic phase of the grim drama of war. Our "Tommys" then, are fond of melody. They do know what they like, and most pleasure, and that fact after all, should satisfy everyone of us. If "Tipperary" and "Land of Hope and Glory" can inspire British heroes to do the deeds of heroism which they are doing every day—well, what have we at home to grumble about?

### A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Self-trust is the first secret of success.—Emerson.



MISSION TO RUSSIA. *P. 150*

The Tsar conversing with General Williams, the head of the British Mission to Russia.

WHERE THE SKY IS HIS CANOPY. *Cl. 11913*

An officer -having in his "bedroom" in the desert near the Suez Canal. Fortunately for him the climate can give points to our own, which has been behaving so disgracefully lately.

SAVED TRANSPORT. *P. 180.30*

Trooper Edwin Thompson, of Horncastle, who took the wheel of a transport when it was shelled.

FOLLOWING THE FOXHOUNDS. *P. 319*

An athletic woman follower of the Vine Foxhounds jumps a stream in Pambers Forest. The meet was held at Silchester.

ALL STEEL BATTLEPLANE BUILT IN THE STATES. *P. 1242 H.*

A new type of battleplane which has been attracting much attention in naval and military circles in the States. It is about twice the size of an ordinary aeroplane, can carry two guns, and is built throughout with lighter-than-wood steel. A mechanic is seen examining the propeller. A rope is round his waist to present him being drawn in by its suction.

A FRENCH ACTRESS. *P. 17820*

Miss Lucienne Dervyle, who is playing in the new revue, "All Spoof."—(Elliott and Fry.)

LORD EUSTON'S BRIDE. *P. 3522 A*

Lady Borthwick, who is to be married to the Earl of Euston on Saturday next.—(Swaine.)



# ANOTHER BRITISH LINER SUNK IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

*G. 2075 J.*



Glengyle (9,395 tons), which has been sunk, and the ship's officers. Captain [name] is marked with a cross. The Glengyle was a new vessel, and was making

her second voyage. She carried a valuable cargo of butter and eggs. All the passengers were saved, but ten of the crew are missing.

## FLOODS AT HOME AND ABROAD: GREAT TRACTS OF LAND UNDER WATER.

*G. 11910 K.*



A scene in Flanders, where whole districts have been inundated. England is just as bad, and—  
floods are reported from various parts of the kingdom, but few places have  
badly as the district around Salisbury Plain, where the roads are several feet

*G. 1333 P.*



In Lewes they punt in the streets.

*G. 1333 Q.*



This is what things are like near Salisbury.  
in water and it is impossible to walk. There have also been serious floods in Belgium  
following a long period of wet weather.



# HEALING MADE EASY.

**When you cut or bruise yourself simply wash the place, apply some ZAM-BUK, and bandage up. ZAM-BUK and Nature, WILL DO THE REST.**

**Y**OU cannot get away from accidents. And you cannot get away from the need of Zam-Buk. Daily examples of Zam-Buk's swift, clean healing, and its great utility in a thousand emergencies, justify the high claims made for this celebrated herbal "first-aid" and skin remedy.

Zam-Buk is ready for instant application and can always be relied upon to soothe pain, prevent the germ infection of wounds, and ensure quick, *natural* healing.

It is significant that British soldiers are using Zam-Buk largely in France and Flanders and in Greece and the Near East to-day. Zam-Buk is said to resemble those wonderful herbal balms which the Roman Gladiators and Grecian Athletes of Classic days exclusively and successfully depended upon for healing purposes.

But Zam-Buk is superior in this respect:—It is prepared from the rare herbal extracts by novel scientific means. This produces extraordinary soothing, healing, and antiseptic powers.

Zam-Buk is Nature's healer, and at the present time, when there is a great shortage of doctors, it is real patriotism for every housewife and every worker to keep a box of Zam-Buk handy for the prompt self-treatment of any sudden wound or sore. Zam-Buk occupies a unique place in regard to its

## Real Medicinal Power

There is nothing known to science that is capable of the same marvellous healing and curative action. It is quite different from ordinary ointments. Zam-Buk has completely revolutionised the home treatment of wounds and skin disease, and the policy of keeping Zam-Buk handy has now been permanently adopted in many of the best homes in the country, where the *purity, compactness, and reliability* of Zam-Buk are recognised.

When Zam-Buk is applied to the bruised or broken skin, any danger of the wound taking bad ways is removed. Zam-Buk is not only a wound cleanser and germicide, but it keeps disease from the inner tissues and hastens the natural healing of the damaged flesh.

There are also the distressing afflictions of Poisoned Sores, Ulcers and Bad Legs, Ringworms and Scalp Sores, burning Eczema, and aggravating Piles that tell their tale in their own weakening and depressing way. All are relieved and cured, and in many cases the surgeon's knife is evaded by the marvellous healing power of Zam-Buk.

## IF YOU HAVEN'T TRIED ZAM-BUK!

### CUT OUT THIS COUPON

and send it, with your name and address and 1d. stamp (for return postage) to the Zam-Buk Laboratories, Leeds, for a free sample box of Zam-Buk.

"Daily Mirror," 4/1/16.

If you don't happen as yet to have made Zam-Buk the regular "first aid" in your house, we would like you to acquaint yourself with its splendid healing properties at our expense. Therefore we invite you to cut out the coupon on the left, which will entitle you to a free sample box at once. When you have once tried Zam-Buk we are convinced you will always keep a box handy.



Dressing Wounds in the Trenches (a Photograph from the Front).

# Zam-Buk

A New Veterinary form of Zam-Buk—a Red preparation in a Red box—is also obtainable, and is invaluable for the wounds and skin sores of Horses, Dogs, Cattle, Poultry & Pets.

O, all Chemists or Drug Stores or The Zam-Buk Laboratories, Leeds. Green Zam-Buk for human use; Red Zam-Buk for animals & birds.



## MADE IN THEIR LEISURE MOMENTS.



German soldiers of a mechanical turn of mind, who have amused themselves by constructing a miniature mill in Northern France.

## BELGIAN BRIDE-TO-BE.



Mlle. Solange Florizoone, of Bruges, and Captain Arthur L. P. Wrenford, who are engaged.—(Lafayette.)



Beppino, Menotti and Sante, three grandsons of Garibaldi, who have been promoted for bravery.

## ROSES AND BERRIES.



A hat with a Tam o' Shanter crown trimmed with roses and berries.—(Henri Manuel.)

## "TOMMY" AIRING HIS FRENCH.



The British soldier is never happier than when airing his opinions in French, both to his own amusement and that of his allies.—(French War Office photograph.)

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<p><b>SPECIAL LINE. PERFECT FITTING TIE SHOES.</b> in Patent Leather and Glace Kid.</p> <p>Sale Price in Glace Kid <b>13/9</b> In Patent Leather <b>14/9</b></p>	<p><b>DOUBLE SOLE SHOE</b> in Willow Calf, Black or Brown Oxford.</p> <p>SALE PRICE <b>17/9</b></p>	<p><b>HIGH-CUT BUTTON BOOT</b> (Special Value.)</p> <p><b>PATENT LEATHER BOOT</b> with FAWN Cloth or BLACK Cloth Tops. 8 inches high.</p> <p>SPECIAL SALE PRICE <b>19/6</b></p>



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Address—SAMPLE DEPT., MELLIN'S FOOD, LTD., PERKHAM, LONDON.







# A MAN OF HIS WORD

By RUBY M. AYRES

## New Readers Begin Here.

**CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.**  
**JEAN MILLARD**, an unusually good-looking girl of distinction, but very wilful.

**ROBIN O'NEIL**, Jean's guardian, aged about thirty-seven. He is the quiet, strong type of man.

**GAVIN DAWSON**, an easy-going young fellow with a small private income. He is easily led.

THERE is a dead silence in the breakfast room between Jean Millard and her aunt, Miss Lydia Fortescue. Jean has just heard that her aunt has written to her guardian, Robin O'Neil, and that he is coming over to look after her. Jean is furious. "It's—it's hateful," she says. "I won't stand it. I'll make him sorry that he ever decided to come down and look after me." Jean stamps off to her bedroom. She is conscious of no feeling beyond anger and resentment. Then she suddenly thinks of Gavin Dawson. Her heart gives a queer little jump. . . . He has been the one bright spot in her life. Jean sees him and tells him what has happened. Gavin realises that he is losing her, and asks her to marry him.

Jean explains that in six months' time she will have control of her own money, but that she will marry secretly at once. It is also arranged that Gavin shall go to the States and get the special licence, and that Jean shall follow the next day. Their secret is kept, and Gavin departs.

Jean travels up to London. At Euston there is a thick fog. She makes her way through a lot of vague figures to the meeting-place under the clock. But there is no Gavin there. After waiting a long time she catches at the arm of a tall figure walking by. "Gavin!" she cries. "The man before me is not Gavin. It is an utter stranger."

The man, seeing how upset she is, offers what assistance he can.

When Jean has time to look at the stranger properly she finds that there is something in his face and manner which helps her. Gradually she tells him all that has happened very seriously. The stranger takes the situation very seriously. "I cannot leave you like this," he says. "I must help you. Let me give you my card." Jean takes it. Then she gives a little stifled cry, for the name on it is Robin O'Neil.

She is furiously indignant when she hears that Robin knew who she was from the label on her bag. But being quite helpless, she finally agrees to go to the house of Robin's cousin, Mrs. Lillian Fisher, where she had originally been going. In the meantime Gavin has been an old sweetheart, and finds out that she is the Mrs. Lillian Fisher to whom Jean was supposed to be going. From her he learns that Jean is a girl of great beauty and that, unknown to her, Robin O'Neil has been keeping her.

He writes at once to Jean, telling her not to come up, as she has been deceived. Jean writes a little while. This letter Jean does not get. The next evening, when he is dining with Mrs. Fisher, the door opens, and a woman walks in. Jean recognises her. The situation is a strained one.

Jean enters a new social world, and Gavin hardly recognises her when he sees her again. Jean finds out that he and Lillian Fisher were once engaged. Jean and Robin do not get on at all well. When Jean writes a formal letter to Gavin, Robin intercepts it. She is furious, and in revenge goes to a bacarat party, where she wins £15. Robin hears of this.

Gavin has a strained interview with Robin, who refuses to let him be engaged to Jean. Subsequently Gavin is left a lot of money. Jean is compelled to ask Robin for some more money. He refuses in order to stop her gambling. Jean immediately plays bacarat again, and loses £2 to a youth named Douglas Symons.

She decides to try her luck again in order to get the money back, and goes off to play at Mrs. Rutherford's. But instead of winning she loses a lot more. O'Neil again refuses to help her, and Jean borrows a few pounds from Gavin. Again she plays. At the end of the evening, Symons, after behaving like a cad, tells her that she now owes him £210. In desperation, Jean asks Robin for more money. He refuses, and, stung by her taunts, he blurts out that she is really penniless.

## THE TRUTH STRIKES HOME.

IN spite of his anger, as soon as the words were spoken Robin O'Neil would have bitten his tongue out to recall them.

He could see by Jean's face that never for one instant did she doubt the truth of what she had just heard, and for that reason he hated himself the more for the passionate impulse which had driven him to disillusion her.

He found himself hoping desperately that she would cry—would make a scene—storm at him; anything—anything would be better than the look of horror on her white face; but for a moment she neither moved nor spoke; then she put her hand gropingly and fell into a chair.

"Oh!" she said; "oh!" quite softly, but as if she had been hurt almost beyond bearing.

O'Neil took an agitated step towards her. "You drove me to tell you, Jean. I never meant to. You're more than welcome to anything I may have done for you. Your father was one of the best friends I ever had; for his sake alone, if not for yours, I would do anything—anything for you. It makes no difference at all—the money will be yours, anyway, some day—I always meant you to have it when I—when I peg out." He floundered and stopped.

Jean was not looking at him. Her hands were clasped in the lap of her white frock; but, even so, he could see how they shook. "And you let me go on—thinking it was mine—believing it was mine. . . . Even the money you gave me first—wasn't really mine! You paid for my new frocks—even my shoes. . . ."

O'Neil looked horribly distressed; he broke out again agitatedly. "I am only too pleased to pay for your frocks and things. I—I'm only too delighted to give you anything—anything you want; for heaven's sake, don't think I told this because I was tired of paying for you. . . . I—I give you my word that doing the little I have done has been the greatest pleasure of my life. . . . I never had anyone to think for till—till you came along."

Jean had hardly listened: she was realising how utterly ungrateful and disgraceful her conduct must have appeared to him; she remembered the times she had been rude to him; the times she had as good as accused him of taking her money for his own use; she looked up at him with frightened eyes. "Does—does Mrs. Fisher know this—that I haven't anything—that you've been keeping me all these years?"

"And Aunt Lydia!—she knew, too, all along!"

"Yes—but . . ." She cut him short.

"Oh! don't say any more; don't say any more." She rose to her feet and stood with a hand on the chair-back looking down the room.



Jean Millard.

My life. . . I never had anyone to think for till—till you came along."

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"Yes—but . . ." She cut him short.

"Oh! don't say any more; don't say any more." She rose to her feet and stood with a hand on the chair-back looking down the room.

Suddenly she laughed—a little strangled laugh of pain.

"I've just been bullying you for more money," she said. "No wonder you hate the sight of me. . . ."

"I don't hate you. . . . you know I don't," said O'Neil, roughly. He was very pale; his eyes looked fierce. "If—I if I had hated you, do you think I should have tried to stop that infernal gambling? Do you think I should have tried to break off your engagement to Gavin Dawson? If I hated you it wouldn't have concerned me in the least if you chose to make a hash of your life. And—and, as to the money you asked me for—you can have it and welcome. I—I only refused for your sake—because I wanted to break you of this—this love of gambling. I'll write you a cheque this minute, if you will give me your word never to play again."

She caught her breath sharply between her teeth.

"I'll never take another penny from you as long as I live!" she said. "I—suppose I can't ever hope to repay you what I've cost already—but at least . . ."

"You're talking rubbish. You've cost me nothing—nothing that I've missed, at least! I wasn't very well off a year or two ago, I admit, and I am afraid things must have been uncomfortable for you at Osterway; but I did the best I could. It's different now. I'm a rich man, comparatively speaking. . . . the little you cost me is nothing—most fellows in my position would be chucking it away on pleasure."

"You ought to have let me know the truth. It wasn't fair—I should have been very different if I had known that I owed everything to you."

"You mean—more civil?" he asked, with a ghost of a smile. "Well, then I'm glad you didn't know. I don't want civility that is bought. Come, Jean, forgive me. . . . I'll apologise for the abrupt way I told you—but it was your fault—you goaded me into it. I've had the devil of a job to keep my temper with you lately," he added, boyishly.

Jean shook her head.

"I can't go on staying here—I'd better go back to Osterway. Aunt Lydia will be pleased to have me—and—and I can work, I suppose," she added, vaguely.

"Work! You! Don't be absurd." His voice sounded angry. "It's looked at her dainty figure in its white frock; at her little feet, in their pretty shoes, and for the first time it gave him a pleasurable thrill to realise that everything she wore had been paid for by him—with his money."

"I shall go, all the same," she said resolutely. "I shall have to tell Mrs. Fisher. . . ."

"And spoil her house party," he struck in irritably. "Don't be so selfish, Jean."

Tears welled into Jean's eyes.

She dropped again into the chair she had left and turned sideways away from him with her face hidden on her arms.

## AN INSPIRATION.

O'NEIL turned sharply away. He stood for a moment looking down at the dying fire; then he went back to where she was sitting. He put out his hand to lay it on her shoulder, but drew it away again. She would hate him to touch her, he knew; he thrust his hands deep into his pockets.

"I wish you wouldn't take it so badly," he said. His voice was a little hoarse. "You are making me feel a perfect cur, and I swear that I never meant to tell you—you drove me to it—that it's my excuse, of course, Jean. . . ."

He looked down at her bowed head with its masses of pretty hair, and his eyes were very misty. She was so young—such a child in spite of her self-will; he felt as if he had brutally punished a child who had only sinned through ignorance.

It was too much for O'Neil—he caught her hand impulsively—a hot trembling little hand it was, with a damp morsel of a handkerchief screwed up in its palm. . . . "Oh, my dear—don't cry," he said distressfully.

There was something in his voice that Jean had never heard before; she looked up startled—the soft colour flooding her face; and then—then the door opened and Lillian walked into the room.

"Well, you two, quarrelling again?" she asked exasperatedly, looking from one to the other.

Robin had moved quickly, so that his tall figure screened Jean.

"I've been lecturing her, that's all," he said. "How's the game going? Have you come to fetch us?"

She tried to look back at Jean, but Robin was again in the way. "Aren't you coming, Country Mouse?" she said.

"Yes," said Jean, "in a minute."

She was thankful to O'Neil when he took Lillian away; she dried her tears hurriedly and stood on tiptoe to look at herself in the mirror over the fireplace.

"A nice object!" she said aloud with a little quiver in her voice. "I wish I hadn't been so stupid—he isn't worth crying about."

She washed her face and powdered her nose, and, except to verify critical eyes, she looked very much herself when after a while she went down again and into the library.

"Come and change the luck, Jean," Pansy Rutherford called to her. "I've lost six months' allowance since we started."

"Rubbish!" said Lillian. "I don't know who's winning then—if you have." She moved her chair a little to make room for Jean; but Jean shook her head.

"I don't want," she began hurriedly; then her eyes met Robin O'Neil's. "Oh, all right, I'll play," she said quickly, and sat down.

It was early morning before anyone thought of going to bed; a clock in the hall struck three as Jean said good-night to Lillian.

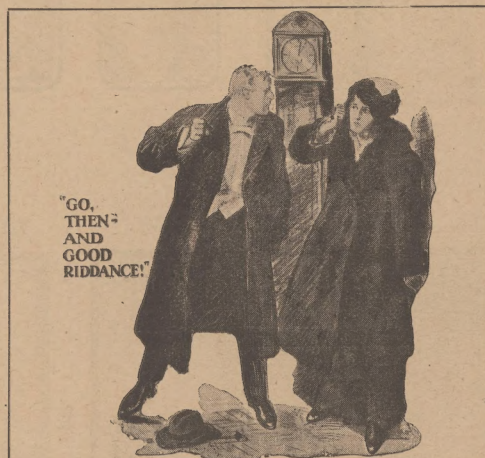
O'Neil was standing close by, but she did not glance at him; she went on and up the wide stairs. Her slim figure in its white frock looked somehow forlorn and childish, he thought; he stifled a big sigh as she turned the corner on the half-landing.

He hesitated a moment—then, with sudden impulse, he went up the stairs two at a time, overtaking her just as she reached the door of her room.

"Jean!" She turned with a little start as he spoke her name. Her weary face hardened.

"Yes—what do you want?"

## The Second Honeymoon



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## RESCUED LIFEBOATMEN IN BORROWED KHAKI UNIFORMS.



Three of the Port Eynon lifeboat crew were drowned, the craft being twice upset while going to the assistance of a steamer. The photograph shows the rescued men wearing uniforms lent to them by soldiers to replace their saturated clothes.

### GOING ON TOUR.



Miss Marie Mitchell, who is going on tour in "To-night's the Night." She appeared in "Looking Around" at the Garrick Theatre.—(Hoppé.)



Coxswain William Gibbs, one of the three men drowned. He was very popular locally.

### A DRINK ELECTION.



Mr. Warwick Brooks (clean-shaven), possible Unionist candidate for West Newington, and Mr. Joe Terrett, who may contest the seat on the question of the new drink restrictions.



### BRIDE'S GRINOLINE.



Mrs. Ralph Harvey (Miss Margaret Fraser, of Glasgow) wearing her bridal dress. It is of Limerick lace, and is sixty years old.—(Lafayette.)

## SLOAN'S LINIMENT

relieves the pain of

**Sprains, Bruises,  
Rheumatism, Chest  
Pains, Sore Throat,  
Neuralgia, Headache.**

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tried various remedies but of no avail. I was beginning to feel quite hopeless when I saw your advertisement of Sloan's Liniment. Thanks to your wonderful remedy after two applications I was completely cured."

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In soldiers' letters from the front one often reads "Please send me a hand warmer." They mean a

## Charkeet Warmer

A double cased perforated metal receptacle covered with velvet in which charcoal fuel is burned by slow combustion, generating great heat, and maintaining warmth in hands and upper part of body. Carried in pocket. Safe, simple, inexpensive. Weighs few ounces only.

## THE GREATEST TRENCH LUXURY EVER OFFERED

Thousands in daily use at the Front.

Send your boy a Charkeet Warmer to-day and keep him warm during many bitter cold days and nights ahead.

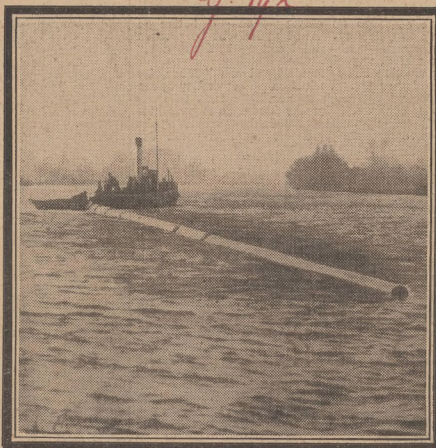
**2/-** EACH.  
CHARKEET WARMERS, 31-33, High Holborn, London, W.C.

### GIFTS FOR CRIPPLED CHILDREN.



The Lord Mayor superintends the dispatch of hampers from the Guildhall for the cripples of London. The hampers, which contain cake, pudding, and other delicacies, numbered 4,000, and required thirteen vans.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

### TOWING KEW'S NEW FLAGSTAFF.



The new flagstaff for Kew Gardens, being towed up the river from the docks. It came from British Columbia, and is the largest flagstaff in the world. The journey was completed yesterday.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)



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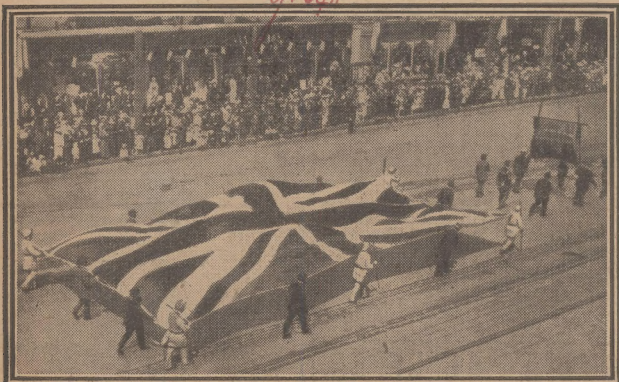
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DO Not Miss Mr. Bottomley's Next Great Article in the "Sunday Pictorial" :

## FOURTEEN MEN TO CARRY A FLAG.



The huge Union Jack which was a great feature of the procession held at Winnipeg on Dominion Day. The parade in which the troops in training in the district took part, opened the city's patriotic week.

## 1,000 GUESTS AT GUILDHALL BANQUET.



A cartload of juveniles alight with the help of gallant "Robert."

## BRIDE-TO-BE DROWNED.



Miss Gladys Macdonald, daughter of the Rev. J. M. Macdonald, who, it is feared, perished in the Persia disaster. She was on her way out to be married. —(Val L'Estrange.)

## WIRELESS OPERATOR.



Mr. Cecil Wellington, wireless operator on the torpedoed liner Glengyle. Compared with the Persia, the loss of life is small, and Mr. Wellington is presumably safe.

## FOR "MY HEROIC SERBIAN PEOPLE."



The Kaiser's magnificent Villa Achilleion, Corfu, which the British Government will use for wounded Serbians—"my heroic people," as the Kaiser has called them. He will doubtless be delighted to hear how comfortable they are to be.



Sir William Treloar was kept busy serving out plum pudding.

There was a banquet at the Guildhall yesterday, but on this occasion the menu was not kept a secret. The guests were the children of fighting men, and the Lord Mayor attended in full state.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

## NEWS PORTRAITS: WAR AND POLITICS.



Mr. Gibson Bowles, who has expressed his willingness to stand as parliamentary candidate for St. George's, Hanover-square.



Captain Hesketh Pritchard, the Hampshire cricketer, traveller and author, who has been mentioned in dispatches.—(Elliott and Fry.)



Admiral the Hon. Sir S. Colville, the new Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth. He succeeds Admiral Sir Hedworth Meux.